

YPSILANTI SENTINEL.

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YPSILANTI SENTINEL.

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TERMS.

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For the Ypsilanti Sentinel.

Mr. Editor:—Observing an article in your columns, referring to the Institution in our village, reminded me of the condition of our primary schools, and of the importance of elevating their character.

A moment's reflection cannot fail to bring their importance before our mind, and draw from each considerate lover of his country, or his race, the expression, they should be well sustained. For it is universally conceded that four-fifths if not nine-tenths, of all the communities, in our land, attend no other schools but primary schools.

True, the Seminary has advantages to be conferred upon such as have the leisure to study; and means, to support themselves in study.—But then the great mass are shut out from these privileges; and, who, I would ask, are to fill the various stations of honor, and usefulness in Church and State; and where, shall the requisite amount of talent be sufficiently cultivated if not in our common schools.

How often are individuals possessing the natural ability, called into stations for which their education, or, rather the want of it, entirely unfits them, simply because the district school was very poor, and they attended no other.—Now, does any one contend that the talents requisite for a Statesman or a Divine, is to be found in the mansion of the rich, or, within the walls of an Academy or College, by no means, they are found by hundreds, in our village, minds, not inferior to those who have figured largely upon the public stage in ancient and modern times; and who would appear as conspicuous in some noble, and daring enterprise, for the good of man, if they were properly trained and cultivated; but, they are in their rude and unpolished state, like the block of marble from which the beautiful statue is formed: So these minds need only a polish, to give them an immortal lustre. But they are in the lower circles of life, their circumstances obliges them to take up with the scanty fragment of an education; gathered at the district school, during the broken parts of a few short winters;—under the most discouraging circumstances almost imaginable. There are four districts in this village, containing about six hundred scholars drawing public money, or, about one hundred and fifty to each school. They all want an education, for the idea, of remaining ignorant in this land of freedom and equal rights, is too revolting to be indulged for a moment. Hence, they crowd our primary school, to overflowing; the houses being very inconvenient, renders it almost impossible to give them the advantages ordinarily derived from the instructions of the common schools.

It may be asked, why do not the inhabitants build more commodious houses for school rooms. It may be attributable to two causes, the one is, as I have said, the want of means to build, another is the withholding the support of the wealthy from these schools; and still, I fear a third reason may be a want of interest on the part of parents and guardians, in regard to the education of the youth around them, and the importance of having the great mass educated in all the common English branches taught in our Academies and Colleges. Besides, the very bulwark and safety of our nation, is the universal diffusion of general intelligence. Let nine tenths, or even four-fifths of our people become ignorant, or receive but a superficial education, and they would only become dupes for the more privileged few, whose ambitious aspiring minds, would change our fair republic into an absolute despotism, and hold at the disposal of an unprincipled demagogue, the civil and religious privileges we cherish with so much enthusiasm. Nor is this mere fiction. When was it that Greece and Rome fell and became a prey to the ambition of the aspiring few. It was when general education was neglected. It was when the great mass of the people were neglected; till then the great pillars of state could not be moved, but then her very foundation was razed. Let us then take warning by their fall, and learn wisdom by their folly. Educate the great mass with an enthusiasm becoming a free, intelligent and enlightened Republic.

Should this find a place in your columns, you may hear from me again.

Yours,
A FRIEND TO YOUTH.

UNPLEASANT PRESENTMENT.—An antiquated friend writes in a most touching strain against various modern notions,—and explosive cotton in particular. Hear him:

"I ask if you as a man of feeling, what comfort can a man take, even when sitting in his easy chair, while he knoweth not but ya verie cushion beneath him be an enormous bombe shell, charged and ready upon ye slightest concussion to blow him to everlasting glory!"—Yankee Doodle.

"I wish you wouldn't take my coat off," said a gentleman at Ciprico's the other day, to an acquaintance who had unconsciously made an exchange of garments. "You mean," said George, "you wish he wouldn't keep it on, I suppose."—ib.

Secretary Walker is urging his tax on Tea and Coffee. He had better for his ingenuity a little and thus save his popularity.—ib.

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.

I have a little daughter,
As sweet a child as e'er
Made sunshine in a father's heart,
With her soft and shining hair,
With her hair so soft and silky,
And her dark and wandering eye,
And her soul as pure and spotless
As a seraph's in the sky.

I have a little daughter,
And I think I see her now,
With her small but queenly person,
And her softly murmured "how"
With her "how," whose meaning we know,
And others soon may guess,
For when we say, say "yes," not "how"
She says, "I can't say yes."

I have a little daughter,
And she cooeth like a dove,
When'er at the sun's declining,
I seek my home of love.
She cooeth like the stock-dove,
And round my neck she flings
The little arms that brush away
The day-time's cruel stings.

I have a little daughter,
And blessings on the hour
She fleet came to her father's house
As a token of God's power
As a token of God's power
To bless and soothe—and bind
Heart unto heart, strong unto weak,
And man to all mankind.

I have little daughter,
And often prayers will rise,
Dumb, silent prayers, but full of tears.
To the ever-loving child,
That she may never fail her part,
In dark temptation's strife;
And, above all, ne'er feel a slight
Full from her father's life!

THE HEART.

Oh! could we read the human heart,
Its strange and mysterious depths explore,
What tongue could tell or pen impart
The riches of its hidden lore!

Safe from the world's distrustful eye,
What deep and burning feelings play,
Which e'en stern reason's power defy,
And wear the sands of life away.

Think not beneath a smiling brow,
To always find a joyous flow
For wit's bright glow, and reason's flow
Too often hide a cankering sorrow.

The bird with bruised and broken wing,
Oft tries to mount the air again,
Among its mates to gaily sing
Its last melodious dying strain.

The fire that lights a flashing eye,
May by a burning heart be fed,
Which in its anguish yearns to die,
While it seems to pleasure wed.

Oh, do not harshly judge the heart,
Though cold and vain it seems to be;
Nor rudely seek the veil to part,
That hides its deep, deep mystery.

From the New York Tribune.

THE STAR AND CHILD.

A maiden walked at eventide
Beside a clear and placid stream,
And smiled as in its depths she saw
A trembling Star's reflected beam.

She smiled until the beam was lost,
As cross the sky a cloud was driven,
And then she sighed and then forgot
The Star was shining still in Heaven.

A Mother sat beside life's stream,
Watching a dying child at dawn,
And smiled, as in its eye she saw
A hope that it might still live on.

She smiled until the eyelids closed,
But watched for breath until the even;
And then she wept, and then forgot
The child was living still in Heaven.

The Heroine of Tampico.

It was mentioned, in the early accounts of the taking of Tampico, that a somewhat conspicuous part had been displayed in that affair by Mrs. Chase, wife of the T. S. Consul residing there. Mrs. Chase, who has written to a friend in New Orleans, describes her action in the matter, and this letter we give below, it having been communicated for publication to the *New Orleans Mercury*—

TAMPIO, Dec. 14, 1846.

My Esteemed Friend:—A great change has come over the spirit of my dream—at least within the last month—so that I almost doubt the evidence of my own senses, we having at this time some twenty sail of vessels in the river Panuco—steamers passing and repassing, the sight of which pays me, in part, for my six months' solitude and suffering. I am not a believer in Purgatory, but I think I have passed through that ordeal by residing in an enemy's country alone, not only hostile in feeling, but subtle and unprincipled.

My dear friend, I scarcely know how to reply to your friendly solicitude toward me and mine especially. In beginning my imperfect narrative, one great misfortune seems to accompany me—my pen can never keep pace with my feelings. You will have been aware of Mr. Chase's expulsion, agreeably to the decree of the 12th of May last, and in compliance with that act he had only twenty-four hours notice to embark, or eight days to retire twenty leagues into the interior. He prudently chose the former, and embarked forthwith on board the St. Mary's blockading vessel off the bar of Tampico, leaving some eighty thousand dollars in his store with no other protection than such as a Mexican—and, in accordance with the true spirit of Mexican chivalry, commenced robbing me. In fact my annoyances were so numerous that I cannot give you them in detail, but merely sketch an outline, knowing the sympathy you feel for my perilous position of this new drama.

In the next place, Inez de Primera Instanta, by order of the commanding general, passed me a notice that my privileges ceased as the wife of the American consul, and my store must be closed. I replied to him in the most decisive manner, that I was not only his wife, but also his constituted agent—in addition to this, I was a British subject, and, as such, neither the Judge nor the general could deprive me of my natural rights, as the English law admitted of no alienation—stating that any infringement of its prerogative would be hastily chastised by that government; and, in confirmation of my assertion, referred the learned Inez to the law of nations.

Thus defeated and exasperated, I was not allowed to send an open note to my husband, then off the bar. But, thank God, who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," He directed me, and I concerted a plan which again defeated their hostile purpose, and sent by stratagem nine letters in eight weeks, and through the same means received replies. But these things were daily making inroads upon my health and my spirits, which I most carefully concealed from my good

husband, knowing the intensity of his feelings for his government, and particularly for my welfare.

I, in the meantime, drew a plan of the city and river, and had it sent to Commodore Conner and Captain McCluney, of the John Adams, with a correct description of all the forts, the number of guns, a list of the troops and how they were posted, and every political movement so that through Mr. Chase and his agents they knew every important movement in this section of the country.

They abused and insulted the American name and nation to such an extent that it often caused me to retire and pray God for the day of retribution. With the exception of my faithful Amelia, I had but little human sympathy, as all the English influence was against our national cause.

I am, perhaps a little prosy, but I well know the sincere heart to whom these lines are addressed, and so continue. I daily watched, not very Christian-like, for the moment, of retelling, hoping to be able, although alone in the combat, to "square accounts" with my fierce debtors, and if possible, place myself and party on the credit side of this changed account.

Santa Anna recommended to the Government of Mexico the confiscation of all American property in order to carry on the war, and that all Americans residing in this country should be made prisoners of war, as a fatal stroke to those usurping pirates—the gentle man generally applied to them—and that this garrison should be reinforced with some three thousand more troops. When I read this article in one of the flaming periodicals, it was rather gratifying to me in my isolated condition. I determined, however, upon the old Roman motto—

"Who would be free, himself must strike the blow"; or, in other words, my case was at best helpless and now even desperate, and required a desperate remedy.

Two spies came daily to my house, always under the guise of friendship; and on one occasion, one of the wretches believing that I was possessed of items concerning American movements, I represented to him that 30,000 troops were to join General Taylor at Tampico, 50,000 more had been despatched to San Juan, etc., and closed with remarking that I would be compelled to close my house within a day or two, as a force of 25,000 to 30,000 troops was coming against this place—wherein bit of romance so frightened my poor Amelia, that she thought the general here would call me to account forth.

Next day I had a call from the captain of the port, who wished to know the truth, and inquired if Mr. Chase had written to me to that effect; and soon after some other of the high functionaries discovered me to be an important character, in their daily rounds. In a conversation with the father-in-law of the general, I recommended to him an early retreat, as the wisest course to be taken; and that same night a private post was dispatched to San Luis Potosi upon the strength of the information so received through me; the town of Tampico was ordered to be vacated on the appearance of this large force off the bar; scouts were sent in every direction, to procure mules, etc., for the conveyance of property to the interior, and two schooner-loads were shipped to the city of Panuco; six hundred stand of arms were sunk, the cannon were removed from the fort, and the troops evacuated the place.

I then despatched to Com. Conner an account of the state of things, and in triplicate to Havana, under different covers to my husband, urging his return forthwith. These were sent by an agent, who supposed them mere letters conveying a wish to my husband to meet me at Vera Cruz, to accompany me to Havana. I spent a restless night and morning, but it has certainly brought its reward. My letter to the commodore was dated October 23d; he received it October 27th, and immediately called a meeting of his senior officers and laid my dispatch before them. It had due weight. Provisions were brought from Point Isabel and distributed among the squadron, and on the 12th November they left Isla Verde, and on the morning of the 11th hour in sight, twelve sail off the bay of Tampico. I was so confident of the coming of the squadron, that, in anticipation of their coming, I had a flag staff made one week previous, and had it erected upon the house-top, in order to raise the first American flag hoisted as a right over Tampico.

On my first sight of the fleet, my pent-up feelings gave way, and I wept as a child for joy, seeing that God had brought deliverance to the captives, and in anticipation of soon seeing the object of my affection, and also in gratitude to Him who is mighty to save, and that my feeble efforts had wrought so strangely in our national welfare. Here I must pause, and say I cannot pretend to describe my feelings at that time. Fortitude seemed to give way, and in the midst of this emotion I again, seated the squadron nearing to the bar, the boats manned and the line passing (they standing their own plots over that intricate passage), and the broad pennant flying at two mast-heads—the blue and red. My faithful Amelia and myself ran to Mr. Chase's office and in solitude offered a prayer, then pulled the flag down and alone rushed to the house-top. I carried it up and tied it on the line with my own hands, and we—Amelia, myself and Mr. Uder—hoisted it myself giving the first pull. Thus we defied the whole town of Tampico. I sent for some of the Americans, but not one possessed courage or national spirit enough to lend a hand.

In thirty minutes the ayuntamiento called upon me and ordered me to haul it down. I replied it was raised as a right of protection.—They said I had no notion in which we could not agree. They said it was a burlesque upon their nation—a lady taking the city—and what would the Supreme Government of Mexico say? I replied, very laconically, "Quien sabe?" and offered them wine under the new banner.—They threatened the house. I ran to its top, and asked Mr. Uder if he would stand by me. He replied, "Yes." Then, said I, the flag must remain, or all of us sent over the house-top, as I shall never pull it down or suffer any Mexican to enter my store, and I had been robbed a thousand dollars, and the regiment of Puebla entered this city, and I had no redress and still less sympathy; and though alone, the God of the Just was my captain general, and I had nothing to fear from all Mexico.

And now the hour of my redemption was at hand. I expected they would either fire upon or storm the house. I rested with my right arm around the flag-staff, the banner waving in majestic beauty, and the squadron nearing the city where they saw the flag. It was like the lightning to pilgrims to know from whence it came, but soon the officers saw two female forms standing by it, and gave three cheers in front of the city, and then came to my house, which had been now nearly six months as if proscribed by some crime or plague, and my fault was that of being the wife of an American. Commodore Perry and the municipal authorities came to my house on arrival, also Commodore Conner. My despatches have been sent to the State Department, and I have letters of thanks from the officers commanding, who have changed the name Fort Liberated to Fort Ann, in compliment to me. They arrived on the 16th. Forty-eight hours after, came Mr. Chase, crowning all my happiness.

You very kindly inquire if the existing war has injured us in a pecuniary point. It has very materially, but that loss has not in the least lessened my spirits to flag. My trust is in Him who can withhold and bestow. We have suffered in mind, in person and pocket, but we have not lost interest toward our beloved country and duty to the cause, and like the widow I was willing to contribute my mite for the honor of the country he had so long represented, and as for my wife, to follow him in weal or woe, according to the pressure of misfortune, and in imperious danger, even the bleak blasts of adversity, and to chill my ardour, in following his lead in the cause, and trust to God.

With all the nearly one-half of our stock of goods, we doubt the United States Government will indemnify Mr. Chase at a future day.

Our house will be placed into a garrison, and three field-pieces will be placed upon it. I am willing to stand by my husband at a gun until we both die or are victors.

I have been trying to keep a rough form of the beauties of the drama, is rather a rough form, and may place it in your hands at a future day.

Court Gossip.

A certain Monsieur de V— was the most expert *maitre de danse* in the Russian Capital. In dress and demeanor he was the most exquisite of beings. His coat was more *recherche* his linen whiter, his trousers *netter* his cravat glossier, and his French leather boots more brilliantly bright than the coat, cravat boots or breeches of any man in St. Petersburg. In full dress he was a mortal miracle. Now, it happens, that passengers on the streets of the Capital are not only obliged to remain in them, as related in the anecdote published in the last number of THE HOME JOURNAL, but if they are riding or driving, they must descend from their horses or vehicles, and remain standing on the pavement, until the Imperial carriage has passed.

One day Monsieur de V— was driving along in his carriage, in full costume, when the coach of the Sovereign drove in sight in the distance. The day was wet, drizzly, dirty, and the streets were covered with mud. This was indeed a disagreeable position for our dancing master; but there was no escape. The law was imperative and his coachman stopped. In due time the royal vehicle approached, and, (thinking that it would be a permitted compromise,) de V— descended to the lowest step of his coach, where he stood, hat in hand, and saving his *souls* from the contamination of the pavement. *Set your eyes!* As the Emperor's carriage came near him, it moved slower and slower; and when it arrived directly opposite, it stopped entirely!

The Frenchman's heart palpitated anxiously and indeed fluttered not a little when he perceived the Emperor's head thrust out of the window conversing with an *aid-de-camp* who had spurred up to the coach when it halted. Presently the eyes of the talkers were turned to the miserable dandy; and, at last, the *aid-de-camp* wheeled his horse directly towards him.

"I believe I have the pleasure to address Monsieur de V—," said the officer very courteously—and, if I am not deceived in my surmise as to your name—His Highness the Emperor, desires the favor of a moment's conversation with you!"

The request of a Sovereign is always an order; and good manners, as well as good law, permitted no resistance; so, with a shudder and a sigh, the polished pump of the luckless dancer sank into the oozing mud of St. Petersburg! Picking his way like a spider over a hot gridiron, de V— soon stood at the window of the carriage, and bowed, in silence to the *autocrat*.

"Aha! ah! Monsieur de V—," exclaimed Nicholas, "Je suis charmé de vous voir! I am delighted to see you. I have longed to meet you. Let me repeat it, I am enchanted to behold you, and the more so because I am told you are the most accomplished professor of your beautiful art that has ever visited my capital. Oh! don't bow, sir, and deny it; I'm sure that report isn't done you half the justice you deserve. *Parbleu!* when I saw you just now, the oddest fancy in the world, do you know, seized me. I'm dying to see you dance! *C'est vrai, c'est vrai*, so eager, too, am I, *mon cher de V—*, that I can't lose an instant. The day is bad, it is true, and the street is not over clean; yet, what are such obstacles to a man of your muscle? de V— must have an extemporaneous *polka* before I budge from this spot!"

You may imagine the dismay of the dancing master when he heard the irrefragable request uttered, and the mocking eye of the Emperor, and met the cold-blooded eye of the Emperor.

"Your Imperial Highness will pardon me—but I would suggest that the exhibition would be more gratifying in the palace, where I will."

"Oh, no matter, sir, for the palace!" interrupted Nicholas—"the more dirt the more difficulty, and the more difficulty the more skill!"

"But I have no music sir!"

"Come, *siren avant, or I shall call a gens d'armes for a fiddler!*"

"It is quite needless!" groaned the dancing master, as he put himself in a position and squared away for the dance.

Mighty, that day, mightily was the astonishment of the mad St. Petersburg—if mud ever gets astonished, as it is said by L. E. L. to get into "high spirits when it becomes dust on a windy day." Hopping skipping bounding, jumping leaping—like that of the unfortunate de V— never was perpetrated before or since on any highway of Europe or America. The Emperor looked on with decorous gravity, applauding each excellent *pas*, and becoming rapturous over the grace and agility of the unwilling exhibitor. At last, the strength of the master failed, but not until he was thoroughly bespattered.

"Do not fatigue yourself, *mon cher*, to gratify me any more," said the Emperor when de V. stopped. "Let me thank you a thousand times for your kindness and permit me to hope that you have not soiled your pumps!"

What numbers are those that, when added make 25, and when you halve the one, and double the other, their sum will be equal?

Getting rid of a Beau.

The Boston Atlas has an amusing sketch of a young dandy—something of a Nisicunt, as most of them are—had one evening at the gardens of the Chateau de Clinnacourt, persecuted with eager homage a pretty baroness of the Rue de Breda, who did not appear disposed to favor him very favorably to his soft impeachment. Yet the Parisian exquisite had everything that is deemed necessary to please; such as a little hat without a brim—a ribbon for a cravat—an embroidered shirt—a coat immediately small size, with skirts three inches long—a vest that reached to the middle of his thighs—and pantaloons large enough to cover the column in the Revolution. But alas! the baroness was insensible to so much merit, and showed most cruel disdain, coldness and weariness of her ardent admirer. All this did not dishearten him or cool his ardor; on the contrary, he offered a bouquet, proposed refreshments, and sought a waiter, begged for a *polka*, claimed a redoubt, and above all, he solicited the honor of conducting her to her residence after the ball. All this was said and done with the most aristocratic air, and in the purest style. The gentleman's perseverance in his want of success redoubled his ambition and said in this charming tone which only belongs to people of quality—

"Zounds! my most admirable do you know how very difficult to please you are, and that I am not used to being treated so by the ladies?—No, 'pon honor! I never met with such a tigre or one who would compare to you! But I will not submit to a refusal—I must be paid for my trouble and willing or unwilling, I will find a way to make you accept my arm and carriage on leaving the ball."

Seeing that she had to do with an obstinate gentleman, the baroness of the Rue de Breda changed her batteries; all at once she relented and attributing her past coldness to the fear of compromising herself, she begged her persecutor to be prudent, "for," said she to him, "in order that I should have the pleasure of allowing you to conduct me home, I must escape the jealous looks with watch me."

"We will escape them," said the young man, charmed at the fortunate turn things were taking, "I adore cunning and mystery—let us be cunning and mysterious."

"Well," continued the baroness, "in the first place, we must not go out at the same time."

"I will go first, and wait for you at the door."

"Again! I must not appear to go; if they were to see me, put on my shawl and hat, they would follow me and all would be lost."

"What must we do then? You cannot leave your things, and go with you head and shoulders bare."

"No, but I can complete my toilet when I am out of doors. Take my shawl and hat carefully off that chair, and go and wait for me at the head of the street."

"Excellent!" exclaimed the young man taking the shawl and hat that were shown to him, and walking slowly away.

"Now then, I am rid of that troublesome fellow, and believe I have played him a pretty trick for the ennui he had caused me."

That said, the baroness, who doubtless had her reasons for desiring to go alone from the Chateau Ronge, hastened to put on her hat, drop her veil, and wrap herself up in her shawl.

The shawl and hat which she had designated to the gentleman were not hers, as the reader will have guessed, and that was the trick at which the ingenious baroness of the Rue de Breda, was so delighted.

"He is waiting for me at the head of the street, thought she, 'I will go on the other side—and thus enveloped, how can he recognize me, when he believes my head and shoulders are bare?'"

This was perfectly logical; nothing troubled the retreat of the baroness, who amused herself as she walked along, at the idea of the sad figure which her unlucky adorer would make on finding himself the dupe of female stratagem. In the meanwhile, considerable excitement was caused in the garden. The owner of the missing hat and shawl had gone to resume them, after the contra dance; and not finding them, it was quite natural she should believe herself robbed. People sought about and made inquiries; some one said he had seen a young man take the articles and go towards the entrance of the garden. The superintendents recollected that they saw a young man carrying a woman's hat and shawl pass a few moments before. The boys at the gate noticed the same young man, and the hat shawl hidden by the aid of this information they soon discovered our hero—who, instead of the gray baroness so impatiently expected sees a party of men, who seize him by the collar and treat him as a robber. He is indignant; he remonstrates but how can he deny it? He would explain his adventures, but these kind of fables are all worn out! All thieves who practice their trade beneath fashionable costumes always pretend there is a woman in the case when they are taken with the spoils in their hands.

The unfortunate man vainly struggled against the false appearance which overwhelmed him, he was seized and carried to the lock up, and instead of the Rue de Breda—what a contrast! It was not until the next morning that our young gentleman could convince the authorities of the trick of which he had been the victim. It was a cruel trial for self-love, but his honesty shone with the purest light. Some excuses were made to him, and he was honorably set at liberty swearing—but too late—that he would not be caught so again. It is best not to take any rash oaths, however.

From the St. Louis Reveille.

The Clothing of the Earth.

A Parable, from the German of Krummacker.

The third morning of creation dawned. The Creator spoke to the heavenly legions, and said: Give to the earth a garment, which, while it adorns it, will afford pleasure to its inhabitants. Then stepped forth the angels, and descended to the newly-made earth.

First, Eloah, the brightest watchman around the heavenly throne. As soon as his foot touched the earth, there sprung forth sparks of diamond sparkling at the portals of heaven. A stream of light ascended more brilliant than the northern Aurora.

So be she drapery of the Earth, said Eloah.

But the tutelar genius of the earth supplicated: Alas! no heavenly being, like they, will inhabit the earth; but feeble creatures formed of dust. How can their feeble eyes bear the pure brilliancy of the heavens? They would grow blind in the bright rays! They would surely walk in faith.

Then floating on gentle wings, came Scham, the quiet and thoughtful watchman of the elements, and touched the earth with his wand. A sapphire, blue as the vault of heaven arose like an island, out of the naked earth.

The guardian angel of the earth looked on him, and spoke:—Lovely beams the mild lustre of thy rocks. But the semblance of the earth in which the child of dust shall walk, must not be the image of heaven. No d-mness would obscure his vision; he would never look upwards, for the earth would appear to him as a heaven.

Hereupon descended Uriel, the angel of morning, and under his feet a ruby ball arose. How joyfully smile the tints of Aurora from out the structure! said the angel of earth; but the despoise of the new creation must not resemble it. Uriel, its inhabitants might view the fountain of light with insensibility and indifference, and forget the elevated and the beautiful, in their admiration of deceitful dust; therefore, let thy bill be rarely seen.

Clad in black vestments, the angel of tempest and night now descended on rustling wings and his dark shadow fell on the brilliant light which streamed from the precious stones.

The heavenly messengers looked with astonishment on the singular waving and mingling of the light beams and the darkness. The waves of light and shade floated into one another, and became condensed into an emerald.

The angels smiled, but the genius of the earth drew near, joyously, and said: So be the dress of the earth, a mingling of lights and shadow, like the creatures which will inhabit it—to it an ornament, and to their eyes a refreshing view.

So spoke he, and the heavenly messengers said: So abide, then, the light on the heights, and the shadow in the depths.

They floated upwards; and, as their feet left the earth, the glittering rocks burst into fragments, and sunk deep into the subterranean cavern.

A Bull about a Bull.

A little volume lately published in London entitled "Irish Diamonds," contains the annexed *jeux d'esprit*, a really felicitous anecdote, as good as any thing in Joe Miller.

A merry English party, in an English country town, were bantering poor Teddy, the Irishman about his countrymen being so famous for bulls.

"By my faith," said Teddy, "you needn't talk about the same in this place—you're as fond of bulls as any people in all the world, and to you are."

"Nonsense," some of the party replied, "how do you make that out?"

"Why, sure it's very aisy, it is; for in this paltry bit of a town you've got more public houses nor I ever seen wid the sign of the bull over the doors, so you have."

"Say, Teddy, very few of those—but there's some of 'em, you know, in every town."

"Yes," said Teddy obstinately sticking to his text, for he had laid a trap for his friends, "out you're more nor your share, barring that you're so fond of bulls, as I say; I'm sure I can count half a dozen of 'em."

"Pooh, nonsense said the party; 'what will never do—what will you bet on that, Teddy? You're out there, my boy, depend upon it—we know the town as well as you, and what will you bet?"

"Indeed, my brave boys I'd not bet at all—I'm no better; I assure ye—I should be worse if I was." This saidly tickled my companions, and he proceeded: "But I'll bound to name and count the six."

"Well, do do," said several voices, "Now let me see—there's the Black Bull,"

"Yes, that's one,"

"Then there's the Red Bull."

"That two."

"And the White Bull."

"Come, there's three."

"And the Pied Bull."

"So there is—you'll not go much farther."

"And then there's—there's—there's—the Golden Bull, in—what's it street?"

"Well done, Teddy; that's five, sure enough; but your short yet."

"Aye," said a letter-carrier, who sat smirking in the corner, "and he will be short, for there isn't one more, I know."

"And then, remember," continued Teddy, carefully pursuing his enumeration, "there's the Dunn Cow."

At this, a burst of laughter fairly shook the room, and busy hands kept the tables and glasses rattling amidst boisterous cries of "a bull! a bull!" Looking seriously at all around, Teddy deliberately asked:—

"Do you call that a bull?"